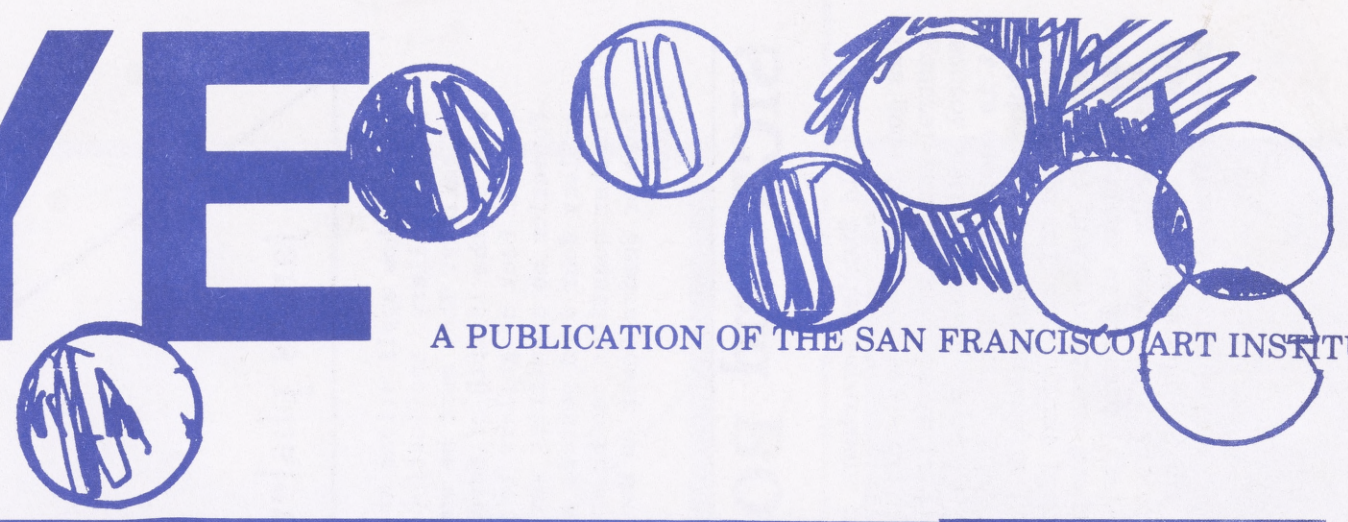


OCT 1979

EYE



A PUBLICATION OF THE SAN FRANCISCO ART INSTITUTE



Letters to the Editor

JUSTIFY YOUR RIGHTS

editor

james phalen douglas petty david weissman

Spring show applications are now available for Diego Rivera Gallery. Applications are located at back door of gallery. They must be submitted with work during week of the 19-26th of November. A person will be sitting in back of gallery to accept work. Detailed information on submitting work can be found on back of gallery door & on posters throughout school. Any further questions can be answered by contacting John Kopa or Sondra Nowak on Monday at 4:15 in Conference room.

SICK and BORING

The World Studies Department has a teacher who walks in a cloud of arrogant ignorance. He has gone through the academic mill and gotten all the necessary degrees. The art world in general and art schools in particular are notoriously lacking in minorities. Naturally the school administration found it important to hire a minority teacher. But one would think that it is equally important to hire someone who is competent in his field. Unfortunately we have a token teacher who bullshits his way through classes. At the history of the blues class he fingersnaps off time whilst playing tapes through a five and dime Market St. portable cassette player. He displays little technical knowledge of the blues which he covers up through bad impersonations of Richard Pryor.

Undoubtedly there are a lot of better qualified teachers out there. It is my suggestion that the administration get off their "good old boy" routine and politely ask their friend to resign. Perhaps he is better suited to a different career than teaching.

Signed,

A disgruntled student

CITIZEN CAEN: FIRST COLUMNIST FROM THE DOG STAR
THE TONE OF FALLING PATTEN.

One day last week as I strolled down Geary Blvd I saw a man, vainly trying to waylay the stone faced passerbys who catatonically ignored his friendly, befuddled pleadings. I'm a street wise happy-go-lucky, august man, so I offered him my services as a fellow human being. It seemed he was a visitor to San Francisco and had lost his way to his hotel. I offered him directions in the form of an extremely clever joke. "The Bellevue is three blocks past Leavenworth, right across from Camarillo"!!! He burst into an arteaseun well of jovial laughter! (So he was from Los Angeles! Camarillo is the areas "Nut Farm"!) While he was doubled over with mirth, I bent him farther with a blow to the head with my old bamboo! When he sank to his knees, I put my "Police alert Shriek Alarm" next to his ear and let one go! The tourist fell writhing to the ground, whimpering and convulsing, losing his breakfast. I laughed and scolded him "take that you poliester skinned, smog breathing, freak"! One of our citys finest passing by on his beat, laughed and said "Mr X Caen you sure are a card, we'll take this guy in as a public drunk"!!!!

SPEAKING OF NUTS

Speaking of nuts, all those tourists are finally slithering back to the slime pits that spawned them. They are filth, filth, filth. Their money is filthy but it is a well known fact that people are naturally imune to the germs on money, just like their immune to the germs.that travel over telephones%! Dirt in the city is filthy, You'd be crazy to taste it! You can eat dirt in the country, farmers do, I do, that's why I live inthe country. Smut means filth, "little tiney smudges of filth" to be exact. Like underneath the fingernails of those people who own pornographic newstands. Pornography left out in ugly old racks for even innocent babes and your family pet to view.

But I digress.

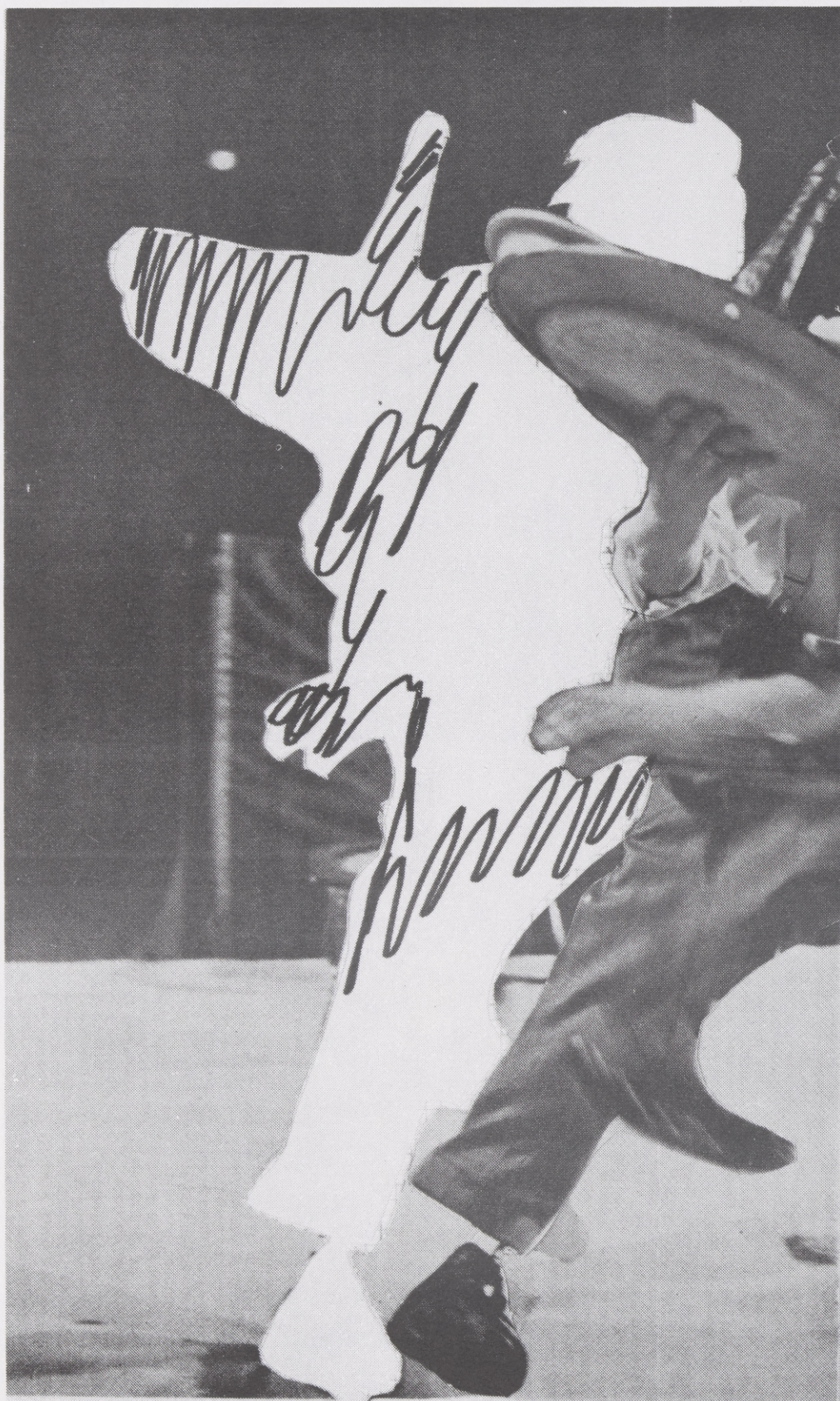
Back to those fotten, boring, dangerous tourists? Danger and boredom, danger and boredom, danger and boredom, sex and alchohol that's all they want. A solution to this problem was presented to me at one of the wine country's better tasting rooms. The Manager, an old friend of mine, one of the bay area's most I-N-T-E-R-E-S-T ing multi-talented, multi-virtue,multi-personalities. He was all atitter over his idea, as was all his "Crowd In Crowd" friends from the better night clubs in the Sonoma area.

His suggestion is we put a huge chocolate brown fence all the way around the greater bay area, andlet in only people who can afford the first class airfare in.

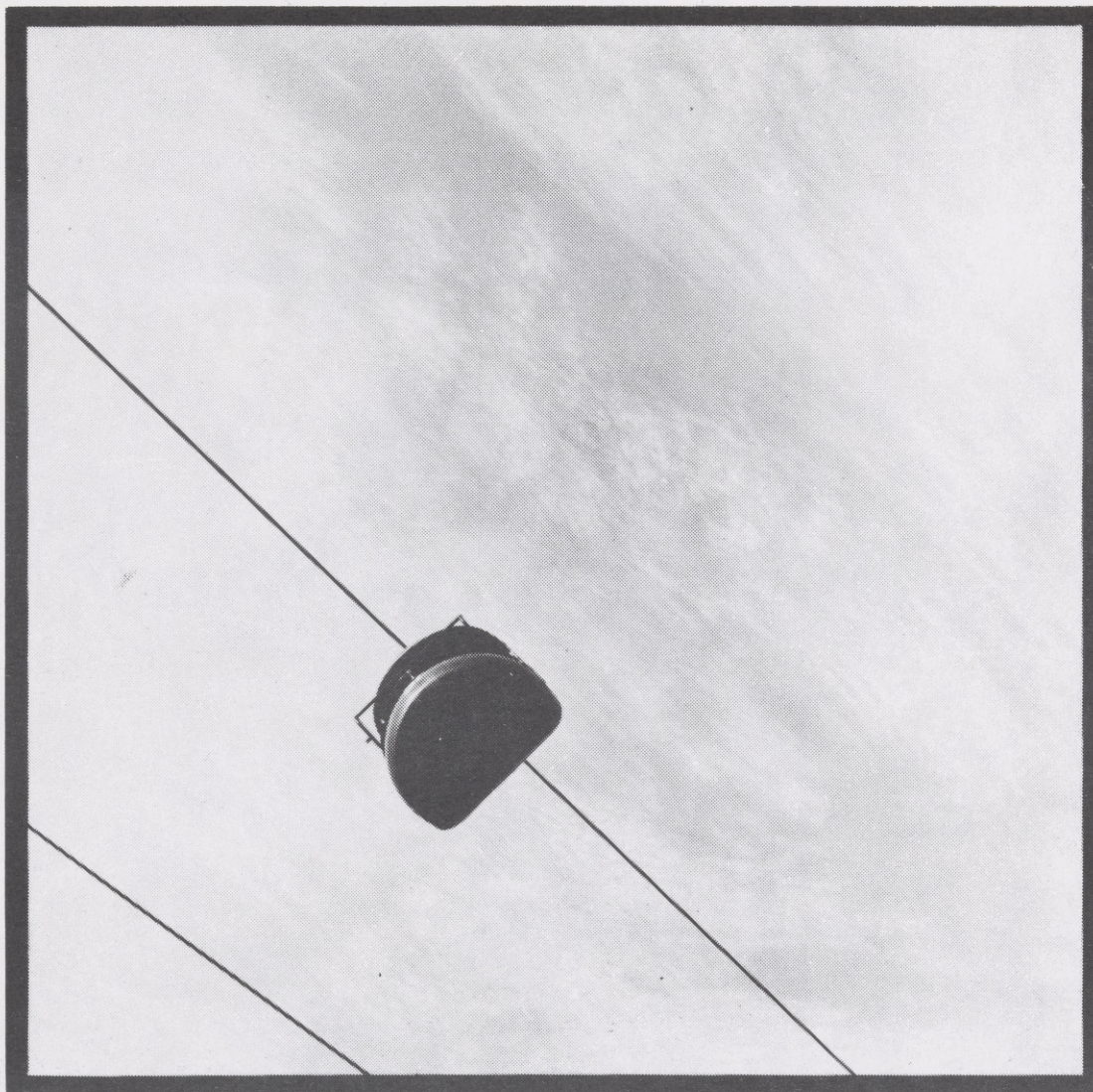
Food for thought I say.

STORY PHILIP ARQ

ART ENEMAS



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Just like being in things like this because it was fun. Everybody who was were witnesses, they were officiates, everybody got drunk. I had a lot of cake and got sick. I'm not supposed to eat sugar. I ate a Snickers bar. After that it was really awful. I think what was good about this is that most people like to have a reason to perform little functions. The whole thing had some kind of



fake officialness. I felt sorry for the groom. People would say to him, "Where's your wife?" and he'd say, "She's probably home in bed with the dog." The bride and groom figure I'm holding in my hand is in my house on top of the fuse box but I turned them around so that you can see their butts.

From an interview with Magdalene. Photo/text by Pearl Jones.
Regarding the Performance/Wedding of John & Phillip, San Francisco Art Institute in December 1978